
Title: The Adventure

Author: Owain

Hail, Noble One! Our land
is in need of a stalwart
hero, one who will brave
perils horrific to consider.
A plague has befallen the
Realm, a scourge is upon
the land! Our villages lie
sacked, ruinous mounds of
ashes where once trod
peasants stout of heart
and sound of mind, where
once lay fields of grain
and fruit, where kine and
fowl grew fat upon the
bounties of our fair
Sosaria. All manner of
wicked and vile creatures
prey upon our people and
ravage the land. 'Tis the
doing of one so evil that
the very earth trembles
at the mention of his
name.

Mondain the wizard hath
wrought his malice well.
Our nobles bicker amongst
themselves, and each hath
retired to the confines
of his keep in hopes of
watching the downfall of
his rivals. Verily, the Evil
One hath heaped indignity
upon curse by releasing
upon the Realm a host of
creatures and beasts so
bloodthirsty and wicked
that our defenseless
people fall as grain
before the reaper's
scythe. These denizens of
the underworld hold sway
over all that can be
surveyed, save for the
strongholds of the nobles
besotted with their own
ambition. Nowhere in our
once peaceful country may

a traveler find safe
passage or lodging, save
in the keeps of the
self-proclaimed kings -
and they demand hard
labors for their
indulgences.

Only the young Lord
British remains steadfast
in the vision of a
peaceful and united
Sosaria. In his castle and
his towne the pure of
heart will find an ally and
replenishment for the
needs of one who hath
chosen to fight for the
Realm. Aid us in ridding
our land of the scourge
that hath befallen us, O
Noble One. We beseech
thee, for without thine
aid we shall surely perish
before the onslaught of
the maleficent
necromancer. Slay the evil
Mondain!

*The letter "D" is
scrawled in the margins.*